REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Christ's Exile."

TEXT: "And the king went forth and tarried in a place which was far off."—II Samuel xv., 17.

Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious Citizen was about to absent Himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him when He arrived, His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind Him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throneroom by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored or more popular or more loved than the day He left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned Himself out from throneroom into sheep pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice, departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worse—the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed Nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world. An imperial exile. King eternal. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go farther and tell you He was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out, they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the back dooryard seemingly of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America or England or France or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh, it was the barren land of a world! Barren enough for Christ, that gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world. The earth against Him.

I go further and tell you that He was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government cast Him with every weapon of its arm, every decision of its courts and every one of its war eagles. For years after His arrival the only question was how best to get Him out. Herod hated Him, the high priests hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gestas, the dying thief, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. There was scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's hell. His eyes on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when He expired. When the cavalry officer reined his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at His side, and when the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened. He could look to the right and He could look to the left, He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the palms of His hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anæsthetic to dull or stupefy, but, wide awake, He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachinnation diabolic. Oh, it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

I go farther and tell you that this exile was as far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was a-hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their National air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy, and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night, and the storm, and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to Him almost as interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step farther and tell you that Christ was in an exile which He knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with His body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

For this royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present, and in one sense or the other that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek bones and in the color that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. Bonny Scotland! Dear old kirk? Some of your ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather, sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fiber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce and the Campbells and Cochrane! I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and service of all Scotch exiles. Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket, and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wesley sin, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah.

I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which hunger, on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration baited by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from northern Channel to Cape Clear and from the Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but, as every philanthropist knows, bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it to-day without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles, and some of you descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles.

Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are here now. Some of you on the prairies of the West, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh, how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back He left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you! You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal, the journey's ended. Put down that saber, the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you to-day, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter, I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar:
"Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping,
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gate shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far."
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And, lo, in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar,
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

A man in Henderson, Ky., sends conscience money to a local capitalist with this note: "Honesty is the best policy. This twenty cents is for stealing rides on the ole mule cars."

A young woman, who has no hands, was arrested in New York City the other day for stealing with her teeth.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Mr. Labouchere refers to the South African stock craze as the "Kaffir Circus."

F. C. Selous, the great hunter and South African leader, is 44 years of age.

Canon Gore, of England, has received the degree of D. D. from the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Gladstone says that the railroads are the greatest benefit ever conferred on any nation.

Barney Barnato has purchased and donated ground for a park at Johannesburg, which is to be called after him.

Mrs. A. P. Charles, author of the "Schomberg-Cotta Family," who died recently in England, was 68 years of age.

The Pope has granted permission to Roman Catholics to reside at the English universities under certain conditions.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, the well-known artist, for some time residing in England, expects to return to Philadelphia in July.

Rev. G. Rodgers, an alleged American minister, is in London selling bogus degrees from the "National University of Illinois."

Messrs. Rothschild brothers have given the sum of 20,000 francs to the University of Paris for traveling scholarships for students of history.

Rev. E. B. Pollard has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Roanoke, Va., to become Professor of Anglo-Saxon at the Columbian University, Washington.

M. Henri Houssaye, recently elected a member of the French Academy, has been chosen president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres, in the place of M. Emile Zola, retired.

Mr. Jephson, companion of the late Emin Pasha, has handed to the German Chancellor the Pasha's will. It appears that the deceased's fortune in ready money amounted to about $25,000. His daughter, Freida, is to be the sole heiress.

Paul Kruger's salary as President of the Transvaal works out at about £7000 per annum, with £400 a year for "coffee money," i. e., for entertaining purposes. The old gentleman keeps well within the £400, for his official entertainments are neither numerous nor costly. As regards his private fortune, this may be put roughly at a million sterling. How he made it is known only to himself and his Maker.

The Prince of Wales is the victim of this story: "The other day two English ladies staying at Cannes went over to Nice on a visit. On reaching the station on their return they found that there was not a seat to be had in the train. It was a matter of consequence that they should get back to Cannes by this particular train, and they went up and down in some distress, looking for seats. Suddenly a gentleman approached them and said that the Prince of Wales—who happened to be traveling in the same train—would be happy to give them seats in his compartment. They accepted the gracious offer with gratitude and made the journey to Cannes in the company of the Prince and his equerry.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

James, 5 years old, and John, aged 3, sons of Daniel Lynch, were drowned in the Suncook River, at Suncook, New Hampshire.

Edward Nichols and Henry Poole were drowned in the Ausable river, near Keene Centre, N. Y., while driving a large wood jam.

Four young men hired a boat at Pittsburg and started on a pleasure ride. They did not return, and it is believed that they were drowned.

Two shaft men and four miners were killed by an explosion in or near the magazine on the 1100-foot level of the St. Lawrence, mine at Butte, Montana.

Fireman Crowley was probably fatally injured in a freight wreck on the Erie Railroad, at Sparrowsburg, four miles west of Port Jervis, New York.

A severe electrical storm, accompanied by heavy rain, swept over lower Michigan doing much damage. Many barns and houses were struck by lightning and burned.

Richard and John Gaughan, brothers, employed as miner and laborer at the Pine Brook shaft, Scranton, were instantly killed by a fall of rock while at work in the mine.

A fast freight train was derailed and wrecked by a broken axle, at Locust Dale, Pa., and five youths who were stealing rides were badly injured. James Sweeney, of Shamokin, one of the riders, died as the result of his injuries.

Spontaneous combustion among the oils and paints in the basement of Walton Brothers' general merchandise store, in Fairbury, Ill., caused a loss by fire amounting to over $250,000. Several people were injured, Sydney Swark fatally, from inhaling smoke.

A Raleigh, N. C., despatch says that a forest fire in Cumberland county has destroyed ten thousand acres of the finest long leaf pine timber. The loss is over $100,000. One house, many barns, miles of fencing and many cattle are burned. Rain checked the fire, which threatened to reach the town of Fayetteville.

FIVE MEN KILL THEIR EMPLOYER

Fatal Termination of the Bitterness Engendered by a Strike.

John F. Smith was murdered at his place of business, 51 Market street, Chicago, by five men, who made their escape. His firm, Patek, Smith & Co., painters and decorators, had trouble with their painters last winter, and a strike resulted. The feeling was very bitter, and the assault is supposed to be a result.

Five men went into the establishment, and after a few moments' talk invited Smith to step to the street. As he reached the doorstep, he was struck with a piece of gas pipe on the head and killed instantly. His dead body rolled down the steps.

TO REORGANIZE THE ARMY.

Senator Hawley's Bill Will Be Reported by the Senate Committee.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs agreed to report favorably Senator Hawley's bill for the reorganization of the army. The bill increases the force to 30,000 enlisted men, to be composed of ten regiments of cavalry, seven of artillery and twenty-five of infantry.

The bill as it will be presented will also provide for the continuance of the battalion of engineers, as provided for by the existing law. This provision was omitted in the original draft of the bill, but was inserted in committee.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Ripe Old Age These Days.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast. This has brought upon many of us a train of nervous and stomach disorders that are very difficult to manage. Investigation and chemical analysis to discover such compounds as will help those suffering from such ills has resulted in the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has taken very high rank as a specific remedy.

H. P. Owens, a traveling man thirty years of age, who is well-known in this community and generally liked because he is a bright, energetic young fellow, resides with his mother at 335 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been a victim of dyspepsia which took the form of continuous constipation, and, strangely enough, his mother suffered from the same trouble. Mr. Owens testified to the merits of Pink Pills in a most enthusiastic way, and said to the *Enquirer* reporter:

"I am glad to say anything I can for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me great good and other people ought to know of their virtues as a medicine in stomach troubles. It was some time ago when I felt a heavy feeling in my stomach and I grew very constipated. I did not consult a doctor, but having heard of the Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared and my bowels were regular. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have only occasionally been troubled with constipation and I never get worried because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with indigestion and the Pink Pills did the same for her they did for me—cured her, didn't they mother?"

When appealed to Mrs. Owens answered: "That is right. I found that it was a great medicine, so easy to take and so quick and lasting in its results."

Mr. Owens continued: "I believe that these pills are also good for nervousness. When I had my stomach trouble I was also quite nervous and that disappeared with the dyspepsia. The Pink Pills were all that is claimed for them. You can make any use of this testimonial that you see fit."

H. P. Owens has occupied several positions of trust in this city. He was for a time an employe of the *Commercial-Gazette*. He will go on the road in a few days for a prominent business house here. Mrs. Owens is quite as enthusiastic as her son about the Pink Pills and her host of lady friends can verify her good opinion of this wonderful remedy if they feel disposed to do so at any time. Where the testimony is so general and unanimous as to the excellencies of Pink Pills as the *Enquirer* has found it to be there is certainly good reason to believe all the good things said—about the safe and simple remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Spain Offers Cuban Reform.

The Spanish Secretary of the Colonies will make arrangements to put into effect the law granting political reforms to the Antilles. These arrangements will probably go into operation in Porto Rico on June 1 and in Cuba on July 1. The Government denies that the Washington Government prompted this action. The speech from the throne opening the Cortes will contain a passage dealing with the reform. The Cabinet will decide on the wording of the passage.

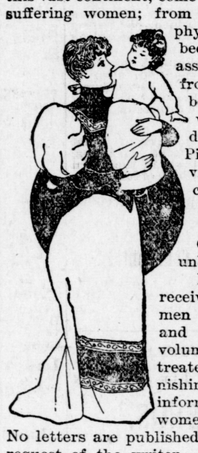
There is nothing in which a young business man should take more pride than in the reputation that whatever he pledges himself to do will within all human probability be faithfully performed.

MRS. GOOLD'S GRATITUDE

HOW SHE WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Condition Before and After the Birth of Her Child.

From every city, town and hamlet on this vast continent, come letters from suffering women; from those whose



physicians have been unable to assist them, or from that numberless class whose confidence in Mrs. Pinkham's advice and the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound is unbounded.

Every letter received from women is recorded, and hundreds of volumes of cases treated aid in furnishing practical information for the women of to-day. No letters are published without the request of the writer. The strictest confidence is observed. The following letter represents thousands:—

"I always enjoyed good health until six months before the birth of my babe. Then I was very weak; my back ached all the time. My physicians said I would be all right after the birth of the child, but I was not, although at that time I had the best of care. The pains in my back were almost unbearable. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form; menstruations were painful.

"Any work or care would entirely unnerve me. When my babe was 11 months old, friends persuaded me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I had taken one bottle I felt the effects. My back did not ache so badly, and I felt stronger. After taking four bottles I felt well. My ambition returned, menstruations were painless, leucorrhœa entirely cured, and I could take care of my babe and do my housework. I shall always recommend your Vegetable Compound for all women, especially for young mothers."—MRS. H. L. GOOLD, Oregon, Wis.

If Mrs. Goold had been well before the birth of her child, subsequent suffering would have been avoided. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should always be taken before and after birth, in order that the system may withstand the shock.

Have They Your Name?

The National Circular Distributors Association had a convention at Philadelphia recently, and in the reports and papers which were read some rather remarkable facts were developed. In 1895 nearly 65,000,000 circulars were distributed by the members of the association. Various methods are resorted to by which new names and addresses are obtained. One of those which has been the most successful is the buying of letters from customers to manufacturers and dealers. At least 30 bureaus make a practice of buying and selling letters. One Philadelphia letter broker has a collection of addresses which is worth $250,000. It includes 400,000 catarrh cases, 85,000 one-armed men, 65,000 one-legged men, 11,500 amateur detectives, 7,800 inventors, 22,000 "new" doctors, 14,000 hair dye men, 38,000 bald heads, besides many other classes of possible buyers.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

An enterprise, when fairly once begun, should not be left till all that ought is won.

Can the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 31 years? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day as ever, *the best and purest* family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy

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FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence.

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—W. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

An old truth stated in a new way will hit and stick where it has often missed.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns.

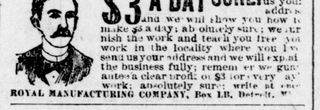
It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 15c. at druggists.

A dwarf sees further than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

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People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.



The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

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$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 1D, Detroit, Mich.

C & B GERMAN ELIXIR. ALL DRUGGISTS.
For Skin and Blood Diseases

AGENTS MAKE $5 PER DAY selling durable patented device for bowing shutters at any angle. Samples by mail, 15c. Territory given. Address S. & M. SHUTTER BOW CO., 73 W. 11th St., N. Y. City

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION



Gladness Comes

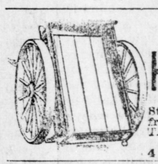
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. Herbert Miles, special representative of the Interstate Savings Loan and Trust Corporation, having main offices 901 and 902 Neave Bldg., Cincinnati, O., sends, under date of September 3d, 1895, a testimonial from his barber, Harry Scheid, of 211 West 6th St.: "I want to say," writes Harry, "that for eight months I have taken three Ripans Tabules a day, and have not been to see a doctor once since I commenced to take them. Before I would have to have a big tube put down my throat and have my stomach flushed (I believe that is what they call it) three times every week by a doctor that charged me 50 cents for every time. Of course that always gave me relief, but it always came back again, and I can tell you it was no fun to be pumped out about every two days. The doctor said I had catarrh of the stomach; but whatever it was it don't bother me now, but I still take one of Ripans after each meal, as I am afraid to quit. I am a barber, and for four years I was troubled, so that I used to lose about three days out of every month. I wish you would have your Tabules kept in more stores in Cincinnati, as there are only two places where I can get them. My attention was first called to your remedy by asking what the street car sign meant. (Signed), HARRY SCHEID."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (60 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Descriptive circulars sent on application.



Headquarters for DUMPING HORSE CARTS
Wide and narrow tires. Steel axles. Low rates of freight from our works, TAYLOR, PA., to all points. HOBSON & CO., 4 Stone St., New York.

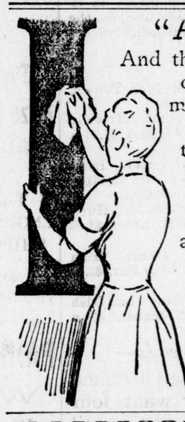
OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA

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ELKHART Carriage & Harness Mfg Co.
W. B. PRATT, Secy Elkhart, Ind.



"Aye! There's the rub!"

And that ought to be enough in itself to seal the doom of bar soap. This rubbing with soap may get clothes clean, if you work hard enough, but can't you see how it wears them out?

Follow the directions that come on every package of Pearline, and you'll find that you not only do away with the hard and ruinous work of rubbing—but that you save time, and actually get better results. At every point Pearline is better than soap. But the mere fact that Pearline saves the rubbing—that ought to settle it.

BEWARE Peddlers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 463

Strikes at the Root—When you take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS you find it strikes at the root of the disease. That's the secret of its mighty success. Whatever the symptoms, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS attacks the cause—speedily, vigorously, effectively—*and the symptoms vanish.*

GUARANTEE.

Purchase money refunded should BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, taken as directed, *fail* to benefit any person suffering with Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Female Infirmities, Impure Blood, Weakness, Nervous Troubles, Headache or Neuralgia. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.